

Poetry.

The Branded Hand.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain,
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal craves aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?
When all blood quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is 'highest honor!—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations as they crown our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars
The scar of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars,
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave whip o'er him swung,
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling schoolmen know;
God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can,
That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man!

That, he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign,
When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line:
Woe to the state's gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!

The Forget Me Not.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜCHLER.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silvery moonlight hour,
Bright and beautiful in its seeming,
Waves a friendly fragile flower.
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious clouds o'erthrown.
When it laughs through all the sky.
Flowers of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart-broken!
Consolation—heaven spoken!
Loved one!—like the star of morning
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—

Innocence with light adorning
Their pure radiance every where!
Maiden mind! attend my lay;
Be this flow'et ne'er forgot—
Whispering through the far-away,
"Oh, forget—forget me not!"

Duty stern may bid us sever,
Tears bedew our parted lot;
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
"Ah, forget—forget me not!"

List, beloved! what it sayeth;
List each blossom's whispered sound!
As its lowly head it layeth
On the dew-besprinkled ground.
Bethink each dew drop is a tear,
That brims its dark blue eyes;
Remember—when you wander near—
"Forget me not!" it sighs!

Miscellaneous.

The Bride—A Sketch.

EMMA had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and CHARLES seated himself beside her, he was certainly a happy fellow. Alas, he had as yet only drunk the bubbles on the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coals of fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which heightened the luster of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brows, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds over their wife's brows. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited his tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell? did she want anything? Emma hesitated, she blushed and looked. Charles pressed to know what had cast such a shadow over her spirits.

"I fear you will think me very silly—but MARY FRENCH has been sitting with me this afternoon."

"Not that, certainly," said he, smiling.
"Oh! I did not mean that, but you know we began to keep house nearly the same time, only she sent by Mr. BRENT to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought two—and they are such loves!"

Charles bit his lip.
"Mary," she continued, "said you were doing a first rate business, and she was sure you would never let that odious wilton lay in your parlour, if you only saw that splendid Brussels—so rich, and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars."

Now, the "odious wilton" had been selected by Charles' mother, and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek, as his animated bride continued:

"Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it, there are only two and it seems a pity not to secure it."

"Emma," said Charles gravely, "you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and it is perfectly new."

Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed—he drew out his watch and put it back—whistled, and finally spying a periodical on Emma's table; began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon entered into the spirit of the author, and forgot his embarrassment; when looking into Emma's eyes, how he was surprised, instead of the sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand, evident displeasure on her brow and a tear trickling slowly down her cheek.

Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a moment and then said:

"Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on, and take a walk with me, if you please."

Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said "come," with much serious gravity on his countenance, and Emma thought proper to accede, and nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph.

They crossed several streets in the direction of Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement on a back street.

"Where in the world are you taking me?" inquired Emma, shrinking back.

Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting a latch, they stood in a little room, around the grate of which three small children were hovering, closer and closer, as the cold wind swept through the crevices in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye, and flushed cheek spoke a deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which was barely sufficient to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from the extreme thinness, was endeavoring to draw sustenance from the dying mother.

"How are you, Mrs. Wright?" quietly inquired Charles.

The woman feebly raised herself on her arm: "Is that you Mr. West? Oh how glad I am that you are come. Your mother—"

"Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence only informed me to-day of your increased illness."

"I have been very ill," she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed.

Emma drew near; she arranged the bed over the sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it, and felt satisfied.

"Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you you were married."

"Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer."

"Bless you, Charles West—bless you for the son of a good mother; may your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me," said she looking at Emma, "and you are just married!"

Charles saw that Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home Emma burst into tears.

"My dear Emma," said Charles, soothingly, "I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is

sometimes salutary to look on the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing seventy-five dollars; you may spend it as you please."

It is needless to say that the "odious wilton" kept its place; and the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of EMMA WEST and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education in Massachusetts, is engaged in a controversy with certain pedagogues in the City of Notions on the question whether corporal punishment is either useful or necessary as a means of securing proper discipline in Schools. The Secretary tells the following story, which is a sufficient answer to all that we have ever seen urged in favor of the ferule and switch:—

"In a town not thirty miles from Boston, a young lady, who aimed at the high standard of governing without force, and had determined to live or die by her faith, went into a school which was far below the average, in point of good order. Such were the gentleness and sweetness of her manners, and intercourse with her pupils, that, for a few days, there was nothing but harmony. Soon, however, some of the older pupils began to fall back into their former habits of inattention and mischief. This relapse she met with tender and earnest remonstrances, and by an increased manifestation of interest in them. But it was soon whispered among the transgressors that she would not punish, and this added at once to their confidence and their numbers. The obedient were seduced into disobedience, and the whole school seemed rapidly resolving into anarchy. Near the close of one forenoon, when this state of things was approaching a crisis, the teacher suspended the regular exercises of the school, and made an appeal, individually, to her insubordinate pupils. But, finding no hopeful response from their looks or words, she returned to her seat, and bowed her head, and wept bitterly. When her paroxysm of grief had subsided, she dismissed the school for the morning. After intermission she returned, resolving on one more effort, but anticipating, should that fail, the alternative of abandoning the school. She found the pupils all in their seats. Taking her own, she paused for a moment, to gain strength for her final appeal. At this juncture of indescribable pain, several of the ring leaders rose from their seats and approached her. They said to her that they appeared on account of the school, and particularly on their own, to ask pardon for what they had done, to express their sorrow for the pain they caused her, and to promise, in behalf of all, that her wishes should thereafter be cordially obeyed. Her genuine sorrow had touched a spot in their hearts which no blows could reach; and, from that hour, the school went on with a degree of intellectual improvement never known before; and, like the sweet accord of music, when every instrument has been attuned by a master's hand, no jarring note ever afterwards arose to mar its perfect harmony."

Clerical Intemperance in Scotland.

The extract we give below is taken from a letter of Henry C. Wright, who has been in Europe the last two or three years. It presents a melancholy picture of beastly degradation in high places.

"The following scene is but a specimen of the Scotch clergy:—I had lectured in a certain place, and was invited to the minister's house to spend the night. Another minister, who was at the meeting, was invited to the house to sit an hour, and talk over American affairs. Supper was soon set on the table. Four of us sat at the table—minister and his wife, and the other minister and myself. Eating done, and things removed. Then first, a small tea-kettle of hot water was set on, then tumblers, wine glasses, toddy spoons, and a bowl of sugar; then came on the WHISKY BOTTLE. I was asked to compound some toddy. 'I am a tee-totaller,' I said, 'and as a matter of Christian principle I never drink intoxicating liquor.' 'You won't object to our drinking?' said one. 'I cannot, of course, (I said,) control a man in his own house; but I should like to converse with you about this drinking.' So they began to compound the toddy, wife and all—and we entered into a talk. They sat there tipping till eleven o'clock, and till both the ministers were greatly influenced by the whiskey. Amidst their tipping, one minister asked, in a very solemn tone of tipping gravity—'How is RELIGION in America?' 'Very poorly,' I said, 'though there are some symptoms of convalescence in the anti-slavery, non resistance, and tee-total movements. Few men would there be recognized as Christian ministers who would drink whiskey toddy.' At this they laughed and seemed amazed that ministers should forego the pleasures of the punch bowl, in deference to the public sentiment. 'They are obliged to, or starve—the people will not furnish them the cash to buy whiskey toddy.' They could not understand how ministers could pray and preach without punch. About 11 the minister said—'Now we shall have worship.' So he read the Bible, and we had what is called worship, and their tongues were so swollen and palsied with whiskey, and their brains so fuddled, that their worship was a tipping affair. This is but a specimen of Scotch clergy and worship. There are noble exceptions. No wonder men become practical infidels under such guidance. The effects of the whiskey are stamped upon their noses and cheeks. Their faces become red and beacons. And these are the LIGHTS of the world! These are the *spirituous* guides of the people! My heart sickens at it. These toddy-drinking ministers will discourse about the atonement, about election, decrees, free grace, the Sabbath, and going to meeting, with great unction. But all in an abstract way—(except going to meeting!) They scarce ever touch upon the practical wickedness of the Church, the State or individuals. They consign Popery, infidelity, Sabbath-breaking, heresy, socialism, charlatanry, to hell, and guzzle whiskey toddy over their exploits! They let drive at abstract sins, and preach up an abstract religion. I wish the people would pay them in ABSTRACTIONS. They would soon come to understand the value of abstractions."

From the Herald of Freedom. Andover Theological Seminary.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

I write from under the droppings of the Theological Institution.—The grand depot of divinity for New England and the country.—Where ministers are manufactured to order, and after the most approved patterns.—The world's warehouse of Missionaries.—Where the Mexican Catholic is abused for his *absurd* idea, that slaveholding is an "inhumanity and outrage," and "a defiance of all the laws of justice and humanity." Where the "benighted" Sovereign of Tunis is to look for a correction of his *ridiculous* notion that "the glory of mankind, and to distinguish them from the brute creation" require the total extinction of slavery throughout his dominions.—A Mahometan mistake of his, to be corrected by American Christianity.—Where Infant Baptism and Infant Stealing are both cardinal graces,—and opposition to either is a heresy.—Where the enslavement of men, angels, and God Almighty is "no violation of the Christian faith"—Where the polygamy of Abraham, the fornication and incest of a patriarch, the murder and adultery of David, and Solomon's seraglio of a thousand women, all find apology and the men held before the world as imitable patterns of wisdom, piety, and faith.—Where the Sovereign of the Universe is a "man of war—a god of battles"—delighting to sniff the steam that comes curling to his nostrils from the gashed veins of a hundred thousand of his murdered, mangled children in the field of Waterloo.—Where the carnage and desolation among a thousand tribes of American Indians by baptized, bible-believing barbarians, is a virtuous fulfillment of inspired prophecy.

They call this Seminary the "School of the Prophets." Well named, if they mean, such "prophets" as Jeremiah and Ezekiel came to denounce and rebuke.

I remember when I was a prisoner here, we used in our pious pride to call the hill on which the Seminary stands, "the Hill of Zion," and "Mount Zion." It seemed to me then, in reality, more like the mountains of Gilead under the curse of the poetic mourner of Saul and Jonathan. I may well say I was a prisoner there. I asked in the most courteous and christian manner to be dismissed for a time, to perform an anti-slavery agency. Several had just gone for various other purposes. But my answer was a *magis erat*—No, accompanied by the admonition to beware of the Anti-Slavery cause, as I would hope to succeed in the ministry. Then I asked to be discharged from the Institution for good and all. I met a similar answer, with more solemn and frightful intimations about the difficulty of getting parishes under certain circumstances!! But, said I, you have just discharged John A. Collins from my class for a similar purpose. Yes, they said, and we were glad to be rid of him. Collins was at that time perfectly Orthodox—but was a trouble to our Israel, especially on our town-meeting days, by his anti-slavery. I escaped, a fugitive, and am free.

One encouraging circumstance. The number of students is gradually diminishing. Slavery will be abolished as we undermine these sanctified shambles of sacerdotal sorcery. And the spell is broken. The people dare to be born, baptized, married, and buried, without a priest. And they will soon risk their salvation without them. And then there may be hope that they may be saved.

WHICH ARE BARBARIANS?—Lieut. Greenwood, in his "Campaign in Afghanistan," speaks with horror of "Afghan ferocity," and relates an illustrative anecdote. A Kyber boy, aged six years, was observed by a British soldier handling a large knife, and endeavoring to hack off the head of a dead colored sergeant, for his private amusement. "There is a ferocity about these Afghans," observed the tender-hearted lieutenant, "which they seem to imbibe with their mother's milk." And then to show our superiority over the barbarous tribes of Asia, he adds:—"The young archer was so completely absorbed in his savage task, that he heeded not the approach of the soldier, who coolly took him on his bayonet and threw him over the cliff!" Admirable manifestations of European refinement! Under such instructors the Afghans can hardly fail to become civilized!—*Gates head (Eng.) Observer.*

A JUST SENTIMENT.—"Whatever we see of good, we should dare to sustain, without stopping to inquire whether it 'bear the image and superscription of Caesar,' or not. Whatever we see of wrong we should cry out against; whether it be in low places, or high places—whether it be the pilfering hen-roosts, or plundering cradles; whether it be of robbing a man of his purse or of himself; whether it be chaining the limbs, or crushing the soul; whether it be making a woman a toy or a chattel; whether it be flattering or flogging her; whether it be raising and dragging her away in chains to the south-western market, or ruinously training her under the forced culture of our fashionable boarding schools, and drawing rooms, for the HOME MARKET."

WAR.—It has been estimated by Dr. Thos. Dick, that since the creation of the world, fourteen thousand millions of beings had fallen in the battles which man had waged against his fellow creature—man! If the forefingers only of these beings were to be laid in a straight line they would reach more than six thousand miles beyond the moon.

LOVE.—There is a love that is stronger than death, and deeper than life; for whose sake, sacrifice is light; ay, even unfelt. It is a love, which, born of the pure and fresh feelings of youth, grows with your growth and strengthens with your strength; a love which would give sweetness to a palace and glory to a cottage; a love prepared to suffer, endure, and yet suffice unto its own happiness; tried by time, by doubt, even by despair, yet living on; the heart's dearest hope, and life's dearest tie.

John Frost, Printer.